Por. I pray you tarry, pauſe a day or two
Before you hazard: for in chooſing wrong
I looſe your company, therefore forbeare a while,
There's ſomething tels me (but it is not loue)
I would not loſe you, and you know your ſelfe,
Hate counſels not in ſuch a quality.
But leaſt you ſhould not vnderſtand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detaine you heere ſome moneth or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chooſe right, but I am then forſworne,
So will I neuer be, ſo may you miſſe me,
But if you do, you'l make me wiſh a ſinne,
That I had bene forſworne. Beſhrew your eyes,
They haue ore-lookt me, and diuided me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
Mine owne I would ſay; but if mine then yours,
And ſo all yours. O theſe naughty times
Puts barres betweene the owners and their rights.
And ſo though yours, not yours (proue it ſo)
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I ſpeake too long, but tis to peize the time,
To eck it, and to draw out in length,
To ſtay you from election.

Baſſ. Let me chooſe,
For as I am, I liue vpon the racke.

Por. Vpon the racke *Baſſanio*, then confeſſe
What treaſon there is mingled with your loue.

Baſſ. None but that vgly treaſon of miſtruſt,
Which makes me feare th'inioying of my loue,
There may as well be amity and life
Tweene ſnow and fire, as treaſon and my loue.

Por. I but I feare you ſpeake vpon the racke,
Where men enforced do ſpeake any thing.

Baſſ. Promiſe me life, and ile confeſſe the truth,

Por. Well then, confeſſe and liue.

Baſſ.

Baſſ. Confeſſe and loue,
Had bene the very ſum of my confeſſion:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me anſweres for deliuerance:
But let me to my fortune and the Caskets.

Portia. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you do loue me, you will finde me out.
Nerriſſa and the reſt, ſtand all aloofe,
Let muſicke ſound while he doth make his choiſe,
Then if he loſe, he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in muſicke. That the compariſon
May ſtand more proper, my eye ſhall be the ſtreame
And watry death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is muſicke then? Then muſicke is
Euen as the flouriſh, when true ſubiects bow
To a new crownd Monarch: Such it is,
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in breake of day,
That creepe into the dreaming Bridegroomes eare,
And ſummon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no leſſe preſence, but with much more loue
Then young *Alcides*, when he did redeeme
The virgin tribute, payd by howling *Troy*,
To the ſea-monſter: I ſtand for ſacrifice,
The reſt aloofe are the *Dardanian* wiues,
With bleared viſages come foorth to view
The iſſue of th'exploit: Goe *Hercules*,
Liue thou, I liue with much more diſmay
To view the fight, then thou that mak'ſt the fray.

A ſong, the whilſt Baſſanio comments on the Caskets to himſelfe.

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nouriſhed? *Replie, reply.*
It is engendered in the eye,